

Spider and Fly Cafe

by Mathew Paust

Little bastard executed its entrance
with perfection
I saw it coming from five feet
zipping so fast through the portico
I barely had time to gape.

I'd just brushed off an itsy black spider
also planning an escape to my a/c
riding the door inward, presumably
to spring off and scurry
away from my plodding rubber soles.

I'd been studying the threshold to scoot her aside
were she contemplating a second effort
didn't see her, she might have succeeded
the fly's been in here now going on three days
in cahoots, those two, would be my guess.

